

Goldsboro Weekly Argus

This ARGUS o'er the people's rights,
Doth an eternal vigil keep

No soothing strains of Maia's sons
Can lull its hundred eyes to sleep.

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NO 184

THE RACE PROBLEM.

SENATOR SIMMONS TALKS ON IT IN NEW YORK.

Strong, Clear, Logical and Correct Presentation of the South's Attitude and Sentiment Towards the Negro as a Race.

Senator Simmons was invited to speak before the North Carolina Society in New York, at their annual banquet at the Waldorf-Astoria last night, on "The Race Problem in the South."

Senator Simmons was introduced by President Duke.

Senator Simmons' address was devoted almost entirely to a discussion of the negro race problem. He held that while the North does not admit that the negro question is an exclusively Southern question it does admit that it is a question in which the South is more deeply interested, and which it understands better than any other section.

As to the political question the South has attempted to settle that in a way reasonably satisfactory to itself and in a way which it believes will prove reasonably satisfactory to the North.

"By one device or another," said Senator Simmons, "we have taken the ballots from illiterate negroes, not for political purposes, but, as we believe, for his good and for the country's good and for our own salvation. The manner of his disfranchisement may seem harsh and inequitable, but as a matter of fact it is neither. Experience has conclusively proven that the negro possesses no inherent capacity for self-government, such as our race undoubtedly has and that he cannot be safely trusted with the ballot until he shows an attained capacity to use it. We are content to leave to the courts the question of the constitutionality of these acts of disfranchisement."

"The question of reduction of Southern representation in Congress as a result of these disfranchising acts is one for discussion. We hold that these non-voters are as much subject to the law as the voters. We have disfranchised the negro, but we have not abolished him or his family. They still exist. Why, then, should they not have the same representation in Congress as is given to other non-voters of the country. If it were wrong to disfranchise these negroes would not the remedy proposed (reduced representation) be a greater wrong? But if the worst comes to the worst, if the North is determined to consider this question from the standpoint of political advantage and we must choose between reduction of representation and unrestricted negro suffrage, the South will not hesitate in making its choice. Men do not hesitate in making choice between life and death, even though life be conditioned on oppressive terms."

"The negro industrial situation does not present a present, but only a prospective problem. Up to the present time the negro has confined his activities chiefly to doing domestic and menial service in the North and farm work in the South. For these occupations he is fitted and in their pursuit there has been but little friction between him and his white co-laborers. But it is now proposed to attempt the education of the negro as mechanic and artisan. We believe that no great number of negro mechanics or artisans could secure employment in competition with whites in the great factories or other industrial concerns of the country."

"Upon the Southern farm the negro is constantly surrounded and safeguarded by influences which tend to protect him against the temptations to which his weak and credulous nature is peculiarly subject. There he is strengthened, encouraged

and supported by close contact with a superior race, which bear for him a sincere and genuine friendship and sympathy, and whom he respects, loves, imitates and sometimes emulate. Whatever in the way of improvement and development he has achieved in the past—and it has not been inconsiderable—has been almost entirely achieved in these circumstances and surroundings.

"Take the negro from the farm, carry him to the great city, place him in the factory, organize him into labor unions, and his individuality, which at the best is small and weak, will be destroyed; his identity will become merged in the common master and his strong tribal propensities will undermine and supplant many of the virtues which are now his best and most valuable assets, and it will be a marvel if his last state is not worse than his first; if, in attempting to avoid the erroneously supposed Scylla of his present position he is not stranded upon the certain Charybdis of the other."

CURES CHRONIC CATARRH

Hyomei Cures Worst Forms of This Disease in Any Part of the System.

It is the height of folly to continue doctoring a catarrhal disease by stomach drugging, when the whole trouble lies in the respiratory organs where nothing can reach the germs but a local direct treatment by inhalation. Hyomei is Nature's remedy for the cure of catarrh. Just breathe it a few times daily and it will effect a cure.

You may have catarrh of the stomach, liver or kidneys and Hyomei will as surely cure it as it will catarrh of the head and throat. The catarrhal germs are in the mucous membrane or tissues and Hyomei not only kills the germs along the air passages, but enters the blood with the oxygen, killing the germs in the blood.

The medicated dry air that goes through the air passages, and into the lungs when Hyomei is breathed through the inhaler that accompanies every outfit, is rich in ozone, purely vegetable and filled with marvelous healing and strength-giving qualities.

If you are tired of stomach drugging and seem to grow weaker all the time, "throw physic to the dogs" and get well with the health giving Hyomei treatment that is Nature's own method.

Rev. J. B. Cook, of Holliston, Mass., says: "My wife has suffered greatly from catarrh for fifteen years. Nearly four weeks ago she commenced to use Hyomei and the beneficial effect was immediate. It is very seldom that she needs to clear her head and throat and she is able to rest quietly at night. For years past she had been troubled with pain in her limbs which we supposed was rheumatism, but since she has used Hyomei that affliction has disappeared."

J. H. Hill & Son will return your money if Hyomei does not cure you of catarrh. This shows their faith in the remedy.

KILLED IN A WELL.

Winston-Salem, May 20.—Mr. John Hicks, aged seventy, was killed in a well near this city to-day, by a bucket loaded with brick falling on him. They were putting a brick wall in the well. He went down in the well to see how the work was progressing when the rope broke.

English Spavin Liniment removes all Hard, Soft or Calloused Lumps and Blemishes from horses, Blood, Spavins, Curbs, Splints, Sweeney, Ring Bone, Stiffles, Sprains, all Swollen Throats, Coughs, etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Blemish Cure ever known. Sold by M. E. Robinson & Bro., druggists, Goldsboro, N. C.

St. Louis proposes to have a breakfast food day. This will depopulate Battle Creek, Mich., and render desolate several other promising cities.

TWO WAR VETERANS.

COL. LANE MEETS THE MAN WHO SHOT HIM FORTY YEARS AGO.

Mr. McConnell, of Chicago, Comes a Thousand Miles to Meet the Gallant Col. John R. Lane Whom He Shot Down at the Battle of Gettysburg

Raleigh Post.

A romantic scene was witnessed in the Yarrow House yesterday, when Col. John R. Lane, of Chatham, and Mr. Charles H. McConnell, of Chicago, were introduced, and Col. Lane then grasped for the first time the hand of the man who shot him down upon the field of Gettysburg forty years ago. Col. W. H. S. Burgwyn, of Weldon, arranged this meeting between the two scarred veterans and introduced them.

Mr. McConnell served in the 24th Michigan Regiment of the Iron Brigade of the Potomac. His company was almost annihilated at Gettysburg, and he has been much interested in gathering historical facts about that great battle. A few years ago he wrote to Col. A. M. Waddell, of Wilmington, to secure some information and his letter was referred to Col. W. H. S. Burgwyn, of Weldon. This led to a correspondence between Col. Burgwyn and Mr. McConnell. Later the two met in Richmond, Va., when, in their conversation, Mr. McConnell remarked that he fired the last shot of his company and brought down the color bearer of the 26th N. C. Regiment.

"Then you are the man who shot Col. John R. Lane," declared Col. Burgwyn. Plans were immediately made for the meeting which took place yesterday for Mr. McConnell had a burning desire to know the man he almost mortally wounded.

Mr. McConnell was found by a Post reporter in the Yarrow House parlor chatting with Col. Lane. "Yes I have come all the way from Chicago, and brought my wife, for no other purpose than to grasp the hand of the gallant man I tried to kill and thought then that I had succeeded," said the Chicagoan.

The heaviest losses recorded on any modern battle field, it will be recalled were the 26th N. C. Regiment, with a loss of 90 per cent, and the 24th Michigan with 80 per cent loss at Gettysburg. Col. Lane and Mr. McConnell are survivors of these gallant regiments.

In reply to a reporter's question Mr. McConnell gave this account of the shooting of Col. Lane:

"The battle was nearing its close at Gettysburg, he said, 'and only 8 men of the 54 in our company of the 24th Michigan Regiment were left. Our ammunition was exhausted, but I had one cartridge left which was to be the last shot we fired in that engagement. As I loaded my rifle my lieutenant commander said to me 'Charles, see that splendid color bearer, cannot you knock him over?' and he pointed at the Confederate colonel not as far as across this street from me. 'I have my last cartridge and I am going to try,' I replied, 'I rested my rifle against a small tree and took careful aim at the man, who was waving his colors and shouting to his men. I fired, saw him fall and then hastened to join my comrades and retreated through Gettysburg to Culp's Hill.'"

"He is the man who shot me," interposed Col. Lane, laying his

hand affectionately on Mr. McConnell's shoulder. "It was just as the battle ended and I had turned to cheer my handful of men and was waving our colors that the ball struck me." Col. Lane raised his black locks with his left hand and showed the ugly scar on his neck, just below the base of the brain, where the well-nigh fatal ball had pierced.

Col. Lane is the only surviving colonel of the illustrious 26th Regiment. Col. Harry K. Burgwyn, brother of Col. W. H. S. Burgwyn was killed in the same battle that came so near costing Col. Lane his life.

Col. W. H. S. Burgwyn yesterday took Col. Lane and Mr. McConnell on a drive over the city. They went out to Crabtree where the 26th N. C. Regiment was organized and Col. Lane saw his first service as a private in Company E. The camp was then under Col. Burgwyn as commandant. They then went to the cemetery to view the monument to Col. Harry Burgwyn, visited the Soldiers' Home and spent an hour with the old veterans, then to the State Library to see the painting of the three colonels of the 26th N. C. Regiment, Vance, Burgwyn and Lane.

Col. W. H. S. Burgwyn entertained them at a dinner party at the Yarrow House.

Mr. Daniel G. Fowle, who served under Col. Burgwyn in the 2nd N. C. Regiment in the Spanish-American war, was a member of the dinner party and gave interesting accounts of his later experience in the Philippines.

Col. Lane left last evening for his home at Ore Hill, in Chatham. Today Mr. and Mrs. McConnell go to Weldon to visit Col. and Mrs. Burgwyn.

Mr. McConnell is president of the Veterans' Association of the Iron Brigade of the Army of the Potomac at Chicago and is a highly successful wholesale druggist. He is six feet tall, well proportioned, with his hair and moustache almost white, stands perfectly erect and appears as agile as a youth.

Letter to Wm. Casey.

Goldsboro, N. C.

Dear Sir: Is a gallon of paint a gallon of paint, or a half-a-gallon? Sometimes one, sometimes the other. E. P. Lynch, and his predecessor, Delhi, N. Y., sold a well-known Mixed Paint for twenty years—It's a good paint, as mixed paints go.

N. Avery owns two houses exactly alike there. He painted one four years ago with this Mixed Paint—took twelve gallons. Last spring, he painted the other house with Devco; bought 12 gallons and had six gallons left. Same painter: George Gilbert. Same result, so far as looks go.

But the point of this tale is: 1st, That a paint is dear or cheap according to what it is; no matter about the price. 2nd, That a gallon of one kind of paint can contain twice as much paint as a gallon of another kind of paint.

Devco goes twice as far as Mixed Paint—two to one—but that isn't all. This story, however, skips the rest—how it wears is the rest.

Another, same town—Ferguson & Thompson's store was painted some years ago with this same Mixed Paint—32 gallons. Repainted last spring with Devco. Mr. Lynch said 16 gallons would be enough. They have 8 gallons left.

Yours truly,
F. W. DEVOE & Co.

P. S.—Smith & Yelverton sell our paint.

\$100.—Dr. E. Detchon's Anti-Diuretic may be worth to you more than \$100 if you have a child who soils bedding from incontinence of water during sleep. Cures old and young alike. It arrests the trouble at once. \$1. Sold by M. E. Robinson & Bro. druggists, Goldsboro.

Berlin, May 20.—Ex-Crown Princess Louise is reported to be suffering from severe mental depression, and is feared she may lose her reason.

LAI D TO REST.

BEAUTIFUL ELK CEREMONY. INTERMENT IN OAKDALE CEREMONY.

The Remains of the Late Rem L. Premert Laid to Rest Yesterday. Eulogy By Maj. Wm. F. Robertson. Many Beautiful Floral Tributes From Loving Friends.

Wil. Star, May 24.

Impressive funeral services, attended by relatives and a large number of friends, including many members of the Wilmington Lodge of Elks, were conducted from the Bonitz Hotel at 10:30 o'clock yesterday morning by the Rev. Dr. A. G. Voigt, pastor of St. Paul's Evangelical Lutheran church.

From the hotel the solemn funeral procession moved to Oakdale cemetery, where the services were concluded according to the beautiful ritual of the Order of Elks. The pallbearers were as follows:

Honorary—Drs. W. D. McMillian and Joseph Akerman, Messrs. T. E. Wallace and Emmet Levy. Active—Messrs. C. W. Polvogt, W. Van Hardin, Frank P. Donlan, Edgar Bear, J. G. L. Gieschen and Ed. Porter.

The floral tributes were exceedingly pretty, one very beautiful design having been sent through a telegraphic order to Rehder, the florist, by Messrs. N. M. Uri & Co., of Louisville, Ky., for whom Mr. Premert travelled for so many years, and other exquisite designs were also sent in the same manner by the Augusta, Ga., and Washington, D. C., lodges of Elks.

The services by the Elks were very impressive and those outside the brotherhood were touched with the sincerity and fellowship of it all. Those who took part in the ritualistic portion of the ceremony were Exalted Ruler I. W. Solomon, Esteemed Leading Knight C. W. Polvogt, Esteemed Loyal Knight W. W. Harrington, Esteemed Lecturing Knight Harry Stokely, Secretary F. P. Turrentine and Col. F. W. Kerchner, Esquire.

The prettiest feature of the service and a fine tribute to the man, was the beautiful eulogy delivered in his characteristically eloquent style by Maj. Wm. F. Robertson. He spoke as follows:

"It is appropriate that at these last solemn rites over the body of our deceased friend, who we were closely bound to him by the fraternal ties of justice, brotherly love and fidelity should pay kindly tribute to one whose life so fully exemplified those principles of our order."

"He has come in and gone out from us for many, many years; we knew him well, and as we remember him in life, his kindness, his gentleness, his manly, sympathetic heart, it requires the very presence of this open grave to impress the realization upon us that he has gone on us forever; that he will no more mingle with us in our fraternal life; that the friend we have so often welcomed in the days of yore we will welcome no more. And yet, all that he was, the nobility of his generous nature, the memory of his kindly deeds—those are not dead, but will live on in the hearts of his friends."

"I cannot say, I will not say That he is dead, He is just away; With a cherry smile and a wave of

the hand He has wandered into an unknown land.

And we who in the years will yearn For the old time step and the glad return,

Will think of him still as 'the same; I say He is not dead; he is just away.'

"We can truly say of him who is 'just away' that within him beat a manly heart; that his life was controlled by the best principles of noble manhood. Splendidly loyal to his friends, quick to forgive and forget a wrong, his was the fine soul of honor. Ready in his quiet way to lend a helping hand to the less fortunate, there be many to-day who, aided and encouraged by his kindness, mourn the loss of a liberal yet modest benefactor. But perhaps the most beautiful trait of his character was his unswerving devotion to his aged mother. Her comfort was his never-ceasing pleasure. Surely there is no sadder event in human life than when the aged mother gives back to God in the prime of his manhood, the one who in infant days nestled close to her loving heart; in whom was centered all her love, hope and ambition. May the eternal love rest like a benediction upon the bereaved mother's heart, and the peace which passeth all understanding be upon her."

"In these last few weeks of his life, how brave, how cheerful he was in his fight against humanity's last great enemy. The buoyancy and hopefulness of his nature predicted an early recovery that was not to be. Only a month ago he said to his friends that he would soon be on the road again. And truly the traveller has been on the road again over which we all make our final trip. The grip will be opened no more. Death, the grim conductor, has collected the last ticket; but though the road lay through the dark valley of the shadow of death, the terminal where life's weary ones disembark lies in the realm of eternal rest and peace."

"Here in this beautiful city of the dead, we sadly leave our friend with the winds by day to mourn his solemn requiem, and the everlasting stars by night to keep over him their eternal vigils."

"What is death? Past its dark mysterious portal Human eye may never roam; Yet the hope still springs immortal That it leads the wanderer home. Oh, the bliss that lies before us, When the secret shall be known, And the vast angelic chorus Bids us welcome at the throne."

Cures Blood Poison, Cancer, Ulcers, Eczema, Carbuncles, etc. Medicine Free.

Robert Ward, Maxey's, Ga., says: "I suffered from blood poison, my head, face and shoulders were one mass of corruption, aches in bone and joints, burning, itching, scabby skin, was all run down and discouraged, but Botanic Blood Balm cured me perfectly, healed all the sores and gave my skin the rich glow of health. Blood Balm put new life into my blood and new ambition into my brain." Geo. A. Williams, Roxbury, face covered with pimples, chronic sore on back of head, suppurating swelling on neck, eating ulcer on leg, bone pains, itching skin cured perfectly by Botanic Blood Balm, sores all healed. Botanic Blood Balm cures all malignant blood troubles, such as eczema, scabs and scales, pimples, running sores, carbuncles, scrofula, etc. Especially advised for all obstinate cases that have reached the second or third stage. Improves the digestion; strengthens weak kidneys. Druggist, \$1. To prove it cures, sample of Blood Balm sent free and prepaid by writing Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga. Describe trouble and free medical advice also sent in sealed letter.

Marion, N. C., May 25.—Rev. C. G. Little died here this morning at 11 o'clock.

Durham, May 25.—This vicinity was visited by a terrific wind storm late yesterday afternoon and much damage was done in and near the city. Following the storm was a small rain, the first for four or five weeks.